

Avengers

"Wrath Pounding"

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Wrought of blind innocence like children playing with dolls

Considering not technology of convenience would forever rule our lives

The machine is dark and distant yet we all fall in line

For it controls who gets the scraps; When

We are pounded with fear

Day in day out enslaved to its foul ends with no sign of hope at all

Thurty X's and thirty more the fallen a heap of rot in my head

Faceless, nameless, bug-eyed, ugly over and over, the voices command

Banging fraps on my door! Never before, never before

I'm losing control can't tell if it's real or in my mind

Lost in a quagmire of monotony we see the slaves

Control, predestination no avow

When all paths and roads lead toward no escape we will

Rise or fall by the wayside of this storm

Should I answer? The wait may be over

They must be here for me they will take me to punishment

Sweat off the fear; breath frapping again and again

Pulse acceleration to burst the door unlocks and opens
(not by my hand)

In silence I freeze this night silhouetted by hallway light

Blurred by terror, pulse of force blood turns cold, so
much worse

We are pounded with fear

Day in day out enslaved to its foul ends

With no sign of hope at all

When all paths and roads lead toward no escape

We will rise or fall by the wayside of this storm

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